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SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

By James E. Kilroy.

Air—Root Hog or Die.

I will tell you of a story, that happened here below,
About the Siege of Charleston that began not long ago;
'Twas down on Morris Island, the Yankees thought they try
To get a lick at Charleston under Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah for the land of the free;
Our Independance we will have, and freemen we will be;
And shun all Yankee treachery, on that you may rely,
And fight for dear old Liberty and Root Hog or Die.

But soon they were mistaken, as you will plainly see,
For Mitchel stopped their progress which caused them to flee;
When largely reinforced on the 9th of July.
They carried Mitchel's Battery under Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

They then turned their attention and at Wagner they began,
And swore to take it also or loose every man;
When on a night appointed, they came up on a sly,
And soon we made the Yankees sing Root Hog or Die

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

'Twas then old famous Sumter the Yankees did annoy,
Who soon found out 'twas best that fortress to destroy;
When once they had her gone, they would all join in the cry
Of onward boys to Charleston under Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

They threw up heavy batteries, made chiefly out of sand,
Their object to reduce it, or else to take command;
With a message to surrender our General did reply,
Come and take Wagner with Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

When they received this answer, they began to pelt away,
In order to destroy it, they kept up night and day;
But still old Sumter stands, I'll tell you the reason why,
Wagner was a hard nut like Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

Then on the 8th of August before it was too light,
We changed our opinion then to evacuate,
We spiked our guns and left them, and all made off to fly,
And left them in their glory under Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

On the 10th of September, in the middle of the night,
They came up with their barges to Sumter for to fight,
But again they found us ready, I'll tell you the reason why,
For we poured into the Yankees Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

After all this fierce bombardment still old Sumter stands,
The Yankees sometimes shell us at the mercy of their hands;
To them we'll ne'er surrender, I'll tell you the reason why,
For now my story is ended with Root Hog or Die.

Chorus—Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, &c.

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